



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Worship and Instruction, whose "brutality and insolence, hatred of all science and pernicious activity" excited his contempt. Humboldt lived consistently, as all men do who think more about truth than of themselves, and he lived long enough to be recognized and indorsed by his contemporaries. It is fortunate for the cause of social progress that this correspondence sees the light during the life of those parties affected by it, who have committed themselves in commendation of their judge. It will humble a good many "Sir Oracles" in the world of thought, besides "the lords of pride and power." In this age of gilded conceit, society is benefited more by a lash of this sort than by any of the "honorable mentions" which the world allows to its butterfly favorites after death.

NUGAMENTA, a Book of Verses, by George Edward Rice. J. G. Tilton & Co., Boston.

On contemplating a picture, one very soon determines as to whether or not the painter of it is equal to his subject. If we place an artist on a level with his subject, we may fail to be impressed by him; if we are content to relish his feeling, wherever it may be revealed with greatest power, we then take pleasure in his performance. The same rule applies to poetic effusions. One advantage the poet possesses over the artist is, that he can give us, within book-covers, a gallery of diverse subjects, and let us please ourselves. The author of *Nugamenta* seems to us to be most successful in pieces provoked by a love of humor: the thoughts he would have us accept from the deep sea of reflection and sentiment are not so happily suggestive. Of the former class we would mention "A Night in the Rural Districts," "An Answer to an Invitation to Dine," and the paraphrases of conundrums and similar witticisms based on punning, called "Old Wine in New Bottles." From the latter collection we take the following:

"Said Johnson, this galvanized goblet of lead
Shall be his who can soonest assemble
His wits, and say when can a candle be said
A tombstone at all to resemble.
Then Jackson replied, with successful endeavor,
Extending his hand for the cup,
That a candle resembles a tombstone whenever
'Tis for any late husband set up."

"The Pilgrim o'er a desert wild
Should ne'er let want confound him,
For he at any time can eat
The sand which is around him.
It might seem odd that he could find
Such palatable fare,
Did not we know the sons of Ham
Were bred and mustered there."

"In a rage to the office of Counsellor B.
Rushed a gallant militia commander
To learn whether "Jackass," as oft he was called,
Was a ground for an action of slander;
The lawyer replied, "In some cases the term,
If not slanderous, at least is pseudonymous,
But in yours (and for this I shall make you no charge),
I consider it merely synonymous."

"Once, at a feast, when jokes flew round
Much thicker than the flies,
The host had doubts if he should carve
The mutton *saddlewise*,

And therefore turned to Theodore Hook,
The celebrated Wit,
Who answered "*Bridlewise*, for in
My mouth will be a bit."

LEAVES OF GRASS, by Walt Whitman. Eldridge & Thayer, Boston.

It seems as if the author of *Leaves of Grass* had converted his mind into a mental reservoir by tumbling into it *pêle-mêle* all the floating conceits his brain ever gave birth to. He manifests no other sign of mental capacity; for we find no trace of judgment, taste, or healthy sensibility in the work. It is a book of poetry such as may well please twenty-one year old statesmen and philosophers, and people who pride themselves more in being able to read and write than able to think. Such poetry (!) is characteristic of a country like ours, where there is abundance of everything to eat and drink, and to wear, and good pay for labor.

NORTON'S HANDBOOK TO EUROPE; or, How to Travel in the Old World, by J. H. Siddons. Charles B. Norton, New York.

To one of our countrymen about to visit Europe, a general idea of the journey is of more service than an elaborate map of it. In this portable book, Mr. Siddons sums up European attractions in a sort of lively, hop-skip-and-jump style, without that confusion of "interesting details," which perplexes the traveller so much in the larger compendiums of travel. He names routes, hotels, sights, and scenes, in such a way as to relieve the traveller, by furnishing something to *start* with, a matter of more consequence than is generally supposed.

PUBLISHING GOSSIP.—There has been little doing in the world of books, here in New York, during the past month. That is, little worthy of extensive notice. The sensation publishers have been seized with the Presidential fever, which has broken out virulently, in an avalanche of biographies, setting forth the innumerable quantity of virtues the various candidates for President are possessed of, but not a word of their shortcomings. We pity the poor fellows who get up these windy works; we pity the publishers who publish them, and we pity the credulous people who read them. Good old Abe Lincoln, seems to have been a difficult subject to treat, and the literary gentleman who performed the task (we mean the man who wrote the biggest one) seems to have had more than he bargained for in finding something to interest the reader. There is no romance in flatboating and rail-splitting, nothing to improve the understanding, tickle the fancy, and stir our patriotism until it fairly boils, which is essential to a well-contested campaign. If we had an enemy to punish vigorously, we would compel him to read the various editions of the Life of honest Abe Lincoln, for at least a month.

The lives of Messrs. Bell and Everett, who have expressed their willingness to act for us in Washington, are said to be quite equal to standard literature. Bell's Life, it is charged, has been somewhat curtailed by his publisher, who had more faith in Everett, whose life he made twice as long, this being the only means left him of showing his contempt for the convention that made the nomination. We forgot to mention that with Lincoln the great trouble was how to get his life long enough for two shillings. To do this it was found necessary to give a full and accurate history of the sweeps he pulled the flat-boat with. A very highminded publisher, who boasts that he never in his life published the life of a Presidential candidate—who was content to get rich by republishing English works he forgot to pay copyright on—says he wishes our enlightened

legislature (we suppose he meant Congress) would pass a law making it hanging to publish this campaign trash. He doesn't think it improves our morals. We ought to mention that this same gentleman has been recently converted to the truth and necessity of an international copyright. This will be glorious news to our English friends.

The Appletons make an impression in their new and elegant store. Our mahogany-colored, and highly civilized guests from Japan, who have put us on our best behavior for the last ten days, were, it is said, highly pleased with the establishment, and made several purchases of books, among which was the new Encyclopedia, of which they had heard mention in their native country.

The Mason Brothers will publish to-day (the 1st of July) De Couret's *Life in the Desert*. This is a work of real merit. It gives pictures of life in the desert that will be new and strange to most readers. We have rarely read a work more calculated to excite the imagination and interest the reader. The translator has performed a difficult task faithfully and satisfactorily. The book will serve as an antidote to the trash literature, or rather the campaign literature now flooding the market.

George P. Putnam is sending people of taste into an admiring mood over a *national edition of Irving's Works*, printed on tinted paper. This national edition is an exquisite specimen of the skill we have reached in book making, to say nothing of art. Darley and others of our best artists have been called in to embellish the work, and they have performed the service nobly. Gentlemen of taste, see if you have not a place in your library for this beautiful edition.

The third and last volume of *Parton's Life of Jackson* is in the hands of the binder, and will be brought out about the 10th of this month. It is the only full, ample, and reliable life of the hard-featured old hero, extant, and has met a welcome reception from the press and the public. Holcombe's poems, by the same house, are meeting a good sale and a generous criticism.

The Bobbin Boy, from the press of J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston, is a cleverly written and interesting work, and shows how, by diligence and perseverance, a lad, poor and friendless, may begin at the bottom, and climb to the highest round in the ladder of fame. It is well illustrated, and got up in that style of neatness so characteristic of this house.

The Biblical Reason Why, published by Dick & Fitzgerald, is a book calculated to delight and astonish our friends who are curious on matters of theology, but have not heretofore been able to solve questions of an abstruse and mysterious character. Here they are all made clear to the common understanding. The book is a perfect compendium of scriptural explanations, and has been indorsed and recommended by learned divines of every denomination throughout the country.

Walter Colton's books, so valuable for the entertainment and instruction they afford the reader, are again before the public, in a neat and handsome edition, published by D. W. Evans. These books are five in number, written in a free and flowing style, discovering a keen observation, a delicate sense of humor, and a rare facility to picture life in its natural colors. The author takes you to various parts of the world, and is equally at home in describing what he saw in Turkey, and what he did in California, during the first year that we had possession of the country, when he was called on to administer justice to a peo-

ple now disappearing before the more energetic race that has superseded them. The early history of our possession of California, so vividly and humorously described here, will have a lasting value for those who come after us.

We said there was nothing in the book world to excite particular notice. There is. *Rutledge*, a novel, by nobody, and published by those enterprising gentlemen, Derby & Jackson, is attracting a deal of notice. The female heart is much stirred with it. Indeed, it has taken so deep a hold of their sympathies that they are all reading it, and shedding whole brooks of tears over it. The young men are getting up an opposition to it. They say it interferes with their flirtation arrangements; that it makes the girls so serious and thoughtful, that it is next to impossible to obtain recognition. Were it not for the publishers' word to the contrary (and the word of a publisher is as sacred as the law of the land), we should charge Miss Evans, the author of *Beulah*, with being the parent of this book. Divers indiscreet writers have compared Rutledge to Jane Eyre. This is at least odious. It falls far behind that remarkable book, in all the essentials of novel writing. The writer has evidently been a close reader of Charlotte Bronte, and discovers it too glaringly at times. But the writer has failed to grasp her terseness of style, or even imitate the beauty of unity, which is so prominent a feature of her works. This matters but little. Rutledge is a work of great power, exhibiting deep thought, a fine fancy, and a rare facility for painting character, with great fidelity to nature. The reader who takes the book up will not, unless he be a stoic, lay it aside until he has reached the end. What Rutledge lacks, as an artistic novel, is finish. The story runs smoothly and naturally enough, and the interest is maintained unbroken. The plot, too, is ingeniously conceived, the adjuncts are handled with great skill, and the development managed with a master hand. Such books do good, because they strengthen the mind, teach us lessons of duty and forbearance under trial, and show us how to travel over the straight road of virtue.

Another book by the same house, is *Margaret Moncrieffe*, or the first love of Aaron Burr. Mr. Parton, in his admirable *Life of Aaron Burr*, has given the country about all it wants to know, or indeed all that is worth knowing, of that remarkable man. The present work is by Mr. Charles Burdett, and is called an historical novel. It, however, adds nothing to the knowledge already obtained through Mr. Parton's work, of the hero he has chosen; nor is there anything in the literary execution of *Margaret Moncrieffe* to give it high claims to public favor.

CORRECTION.—In our last number, in the notice of the miniature engravings by St. Memin, on exhibition at Mr. Dexter's store, the number of his store was given as 362 Broadway. It should have been 562 Broadway.

REFINEMENT.—In following the history of mankind, we observe that, in proportion as nations cultivate their moral and intellectual powers, atrocious actions diminish in number; the manners and pleasures become more refined, the legislation milder, the religion purified from superstition, and the arts address themselves to the finer emotions of the mind.—*Spurzheim*.

It is vain to be always looking toward the future, and never acting toward it.—*Boyes*.